DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., No. 15. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1877. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 8 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.

One day in the year of 1714 there was born in the Bell Inn, at Gloucester, a child who was named George Whitfield. There was nothing peculiarly thoughtful or studious about his childhood that would lead any one to believe that his future would be a particularly, honorable one. He was simply an intelligent active boy both in mind and body. At the grammar school at which he received his early education, however, he was remarkable for his facility at declamation, and in expressing his thoughts on any subject. This gift was often called into requisition, and to the early training thus obtained Whitfield often attributed the self-possession in speaking before immense audiences for which in after days he became remarkable.

His school days in Gloucester were not many. His mother was the hostess of the Bell Inn at that place. Times had not gone well with her. George Whitfield became general servant at the inn, in that city of glorious remembrances. These latter must have had a great influence on his character and career. In Gloucester Tyndall had translated the Bible into English. Here also Hooper was burnt at the stake, and by such a testimony to the truth of his belief did more to extend it than many years of life. At the door of that cathedral which George Whitfield used to attend, Bishop Miles Smith, not so very many years before, protested against the Romanist practices of Laud the dean, and refused to cross the threshold unless the signs of Popery were swept from the building. These were glorious memories to accompany through childhood such a boy as the one of whom we write, and it is extremely likely that they influenced his future history; and even while the "boy at the inn" he grew to understand something of the truths to be found in the Gospels.

He did not remain long the servant at the inn. Some rich friends who saw that his life would be wasted there, used their influence in his behalf, and before long he was a student at Pembroke College, Oxford. John Wesley was at Oxford at that time waking up the spiritual life of the old city. The two young men became friends, and although afterwards differing very widely in opinions, never ceased to entertain that relationship to each other. Whitfield soon became known as the comforter of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. The meanest hovels and garrets were lightened by his sympathy and presence, though persons of all classes and ages were led by him to the Saviour.

His character at Oxford became known to Bishop Benson, of Gloucester, and on his return to that city he was ordained at the age of twenty-two. He preached his first sermon to his own townsfolk: and even at this time the people were charmed and drawn by earnest loving words. He took a curacy of the village of Stonner in Hampshire, a place too small to suit his energy and zeal. He therefore soon after resigned this position, and on the invitation of Wesley went with him to America to visit a colony of the latter's followers in Georgia. He preached in America with remarkable success, and helped to found the town of Savannah.

On his return to England he was ordained priest, and soon after was accidentally led to begin what became his special life work. One day while walking near Bristol he saw a number of colliers lounging about. It struck him that here there were many people who never were to be seen in the church and chapel, and that the Gospel's truths must be brought to them. He then and there preached to them with such power that tears were seen flowing down their grimy cheeks, and from those lips too long accustomed to sinful words, perhaps for the first time, came words of prayer. He soon after went to London and began his ministry, and there did not forget his experience amongst the colliers at Bristol.

But his open air meetings were not long confined to laborers. Soon the fame of these spread abroad, and whether attracted by curiosity, a genuine desire to obtain good or other object, his meetings were soon attended by court ladies and courtiers, professional men, actors, and the great mass of the poorer classes. Here were Bolingbroke and Chesterfield and Hume, those who served for a crust of bread and to whom a holiday meant something less

GEORGE WHITFIELD.

to eat, the sturdy laborer, and the mechanic—every one drawn by the inimitable eloquence of that man who told his Master's message. These are all gathered together and many more. The audience numbers thousands. The *Sunday Magazine* gives the following vivid description of the meetings:—

"Suddenly the murmur of voices, which has been running through the vast assembly, is hushed. The duchesses and countesses incline their heads a quarter of an inch forward, the fans of the actresses cease to flutter, the mass of the people make a little rush all in the same direction. Every eye is fixed on a man who is ascending slowly a green bank near at hand.

"At first sight, there is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. His figure is tall and spare, his dress is homely, when he turns towards the audience we see that he squints, and he has no special beauty of feature.

"But the moment he begins to speak his face is forgotten in his voice. How does it thrill with holy passion as he tells of his dear Lord: how does it ring with stern indignation against sin, and yet how does it melt with tenderness over the sinner! It is so clear that it is heard at the further end of the wide assembly, and yet so sweet that music is the only word that can give an idea of its tones. His face, too, and his figure have changed since we last looked at him. Meaning has come into every movement of his hand, each feature answers to the theme that is upon his lips, as does the lake to the lights and shadows in the sky above, his form seems to have grown majestic, and to be like that of the desert preacher, or of him who cried against Nineveh.

"When he speaks of heaven, we almost believe that he has been there, when he tells of the Saviour's love and sufferings, it seems to us that he must have walked with Peter and John at His side, when he tells a story by way of illustration, as he often does, the description is so vivid that we listen breathlessly, as though we really saw the scene he paints with our bodily eyes. For two hours the tide of eloquence flows on unceasingly, and still the listening crowd remains enthralled. Different signs of emotion appear among them. The daughters of the people stand with clasped hands, looking up at the preacher as though he were an angel bringing them the good tidings which are the especial birthright of the toil-worn and weary, the actresses sob and faint, the great ladies actually sit upright to listen.

"The stronger sex, too, are affected in their own way. The hard faces of the mechanics work with unwonted feeling, the brow of Hume grows smooth; even Chesterfield, who hitherto has stood like a statue of one of his own ancestors, so far forgets himself when the preacher, in a lively parable, is describing a blind beggar on the edge of a precipice, as to start forward and murmur, "O save him, save him."

"No wonder they are thus moved, for the preacher himself sets them the example. Sometimes his voice trembles so much in his intense earnestness, that he can hardly go on, sometimes he even weeps.

"At length the sermon ends in a grand wave of heaven-aspiring prayer, then the crowd disperses, some to spend the night at a masquerade or at the gaming-table, some to criticise, some to forget, some to keep the good seed silently in their hearts."

It must not be supposed for an instant that Whitfield had no faults. He had many, most prominent among which were his hastiness in judgment, and his bitter language in controversy. His married life too was unhappy.

His work was not of very long duration; at the age of fifty-six he died. He had an appointment to preach in Newbury Port, Massachusetts, in the United States, on a certain occasion. When going to it he was asked to preach at Exeter, although weary he accepted the invitation, and the service was a long one, and on his arrival at Newbury Port he was almost worn out. He was met at the house at which he was to remain, by a few of his most intimate friends in that town, and sat up with them till a late hour, even lingered on the stairs before retiring and exhorted them until the candle burned down in his hand. That night he was attacked by spasmodic asthma and before morning his voice was hushed forever. His work was done.

JUST A PICTURE.

Out from our presence within the last five minutes has gone a good friend whom we know and trust in every particular. He happened to relate this story.

He said that ten years ago he had two men in his employ, stone-cutters by trade. They were both intemperate. And one Monday as they entered the yard, he said to them, "Why do you waste yourselves so? The moment you get your Saturday wages you go and lay out everything in rum. And Sundays you lie in the gutter till the flies are so thick on your faces that no one would know you from a brute that was dead and ought to be buried out of sight!"

So ten years passed. This morning on the way to his office, he saw one of those men at a corner of Third avenue taking a bone out of a garbage-barrel and tearing it apart with his fingers that he might gnaw out the gristle in the joint; a poor, bleer-eyed ruin and sot.

When he reached his desk, before he began writing, a pleasant-looking man spoke to him. "Do you remember me?" He had no difficulty in the recognition. It was the other of the two employés of years ago. He went on: "I took to heart what you said to me, and dropped liquor at once and for ever. I am now in easy circumstances, and have two thousand dollars on deposit in the Metropolitan Bank. I thank you for what you said; it was the making of me."

There within an hour of observation were the fruits of ten years' history. Will men ever learn the meaning of two such pictures as these? —*Christian Weekly.*

—The new temperance movement in New York and Brooklyn is assuming formidable proportions. The object is simply to enforce the present laws against free rum, the organization embraces all law and order men, total abstainers, moderate drinkers, Christians and infidels. Its membership already approximates forty thousand, and as each member pays an annual due of $1 the aggregate sum promises to be adequate for a snowy campaign. The movement is extending to other cities. It ought to extend to every village and township.—*Christian Union.*

—"If I had my time to live over again," said a landlord of a public house, at the verge of death, "I would rather sweep crossings, or beg, or even starve to death, before I would again see the misery which I and my trade have produced."

Temperance Department.

[For the Messenger

JIM ANDERSON'S LEGACY.

(*Continued*)

"Well, that is a part of the three hundred acres, and it is over there that the old homestead stands to this day. I was born in that house. My father and uncle were men of two very opposite natures, father being a very quiet, temperate man, while uncle was a most terrible drinker when the fit came on him, which was very frequently during his last days. Well they cleared away all the timber from that hundred and sixty acre stretch that looks so well now. The remainder of the farm being so rocky they did not try to clear, but just left it for the stock to graze on. I forgot to say that my father married an orphan girl before they came to the farm. I was the firstborn, and afterwards, in due time, there came my two brothers, William and John. My mother lived until I was sixteen, when she died after a lingering sickness of a lung disease. I have never been able to ascertain what my mother's family was, or where they came from, but I am sure she must have been far superior to either my father or uncle. She taught us boys to read and write,—indeed, had it not been for her, I should not be able to read or write now, perhaps, for there were no schools then in the neighborhood, and from the first hour we were able, we were made to work at something. But my mother, who was like an angel in the homestead, used to stand between us and the partners—father and uncle—who were great workers, and not fond of education. I was my mother's favorite because I was the only one of the three boys who seemed to care about books. Somehow or other my two brothers from their earliest infancy seemed to hate religion, but I always loved to hear my mother talk of Christ. I remember how she used to tell the story of the Saviour's life on earth, and it sounded more interesting than an anecdote to me. The way in which she told it, and the beautiful pictures she drew have been in my mind ever since. My two brothers were the great favorites of my uncle Jim. He used to take them to the nearest village, six miles off, occasionally, when they would have to drive the team home, while he lay drunk in the bottom of the waggon. He used to be very abusive, and I have seen mother cry often about him. I often thought his cruel behavior and loud swearing hastened my mother's death—if it did not cause it, and I am inclined to think it did. My father, whenever uncle came home drunk, seemed afraid of him, uncle was the oldest. Father was inclined to be a religious man, but I verily believe that uncle frightened him out of confessing it. He would swear horribly at him and mother about religion. But when he was away, I have seen mother read the Bible, and they two would pray together, and then mother always cautioned me against drink. I heard her say once that, had it not been for drink, her own life would have been different to what it was,—that she lost her father and a good home by it, and had to earn her own living when very young, and was a nurse-maid when father first became acquainted with her. This is about all I remember concerning my parents.

"One day poor father was brought into the house dead. He had been chopping and a tree fell upon him. I shall never forget how poor mother took his sudden death. I have always thought there was a mystery connected with that tragic end of my father. Uncle got very drunk that same night. Mother only lived three months after,—she grew weaker and weaker every day. Before she died she made me promise to stand by my younger brothers and try to keep uncle from the drink. She said, 'So sure as you do, God's blessing will follow you.' I will say this for him, when he was sober,—and sometimes he kept sober for weeks together, never touching a drop—uncle could be very kind and agreeable. He was very industrious and brought the land well under cultivation. But a visit to the market town would start him drinking for a month at a time. He would bring home liquor by the keg full, and while it lasted there was little peace at the homestead. After mother's death I have seen some awful scenes in the house. Some of the neighboring farmers would come in, and there would be a regular drunk, and they would get to fighting. But the worst of it was my two brothers took to drink also, and when they grew to manhood spent a great deal of their time at the Four Corners tavern, the worst hole in these parts, but it is closed now, and I am proud to say I had a hand in closing it."

"You have the Dunkin Act in force in this township then?" enquired Rawlings.

"Oh yes, it has been in operation several years. You can't imagine what a difference it makes. Why, it was not safe for any one to live around here when that tavern was in operation. Many a man lies in his grave through going to that place—my uncle for one, and my brother William for another. But let me keep to my story. As we boys grew up I began to act on my mother's dying request. I used to approach uncle in his sober moments and point out to him the dangers of drink, but I made little or no impression on him. Before mother's death, he had kept sober quite a while—a week or two, and during that time she had exacted a promise from him that he would at his death leave us three boys an equal share in the farm. I never saw uncle so 'cut up' as he was that day. Mother said to him, 'Oh, Jim, I am going to leave this world, and I shall not die quite happy unless you promise to share the farm equally among the boys.' I remember his answer to mother,—he was a profane man and could not help swearing even when talking kindly; he said, 'My lass, strike me dead if I don't leave it all to the boys, a hundred acres apiece,—yea, that I will, here's my hand on it.' After mother was buried, we used to have fearful scenes in the house. Uncle, William and John would get drunk playing cards, and then fight. I have been badly beaten many a time separating them, and I have been thrashed when protecting my uncle when he would stop at the Four Corners tavern, drinking and quarrelling on his way home from market. I did all I could to keep liquor from him. I made hosts of enemies among the farmers, they called me a 'milksop,' because I would not drink. Whenever they could, they picked a quarrel with me. When I went with uncle Jim to market his drunken friends would taunt him by asking if I was in charge of him to keep him sober. Nothing would make uncle so mad as this, and he would drink more than ever then.

"I was often tempted to leave the farm and go on my own hook; but then my mother's words always rang in my ears, to stand by my brothers and try and redeem uncle from the drink—'So sure as you do,' God's blessing will follow.' I could not get those words out of my mind. I had indeed a hard life of it, for I had to work the farm while the old man and boys were off at the tavern. The only happy time I had was on Sundays when I went to the meeting-house, where I met sympathizing friends, and where I first met my wife. It was like going into a different world to get among the God-fearing farmers and their families, and I used to go and spend the day with my wife's family. Those were my courting days. I seemed to be repaid on Sundays for all my vexations during the week. It was in that dear old meeting-house where I used to call to memory all the dear sayings of my mother. It was there I used to renew my pledge never to desert my brothers and uncle, but to stand by them and try to influence them for good to the last, and I am glad I did. Towards the last of my uncle's life he used to get quite crazy with drink at times, so that he would threaten my life, and I always kept aloof from him in his worst moments. Of all my trials, going to the market town of Tippleton with the old man was the greatest. My brothers would not be troubled to look after him, and, indeed, they used to get so drunk they had enough to do to take care of themselves.

"It was upon one of these visits to Tippleton that I was very much tempted to abandon my uncle and leave him and my brothers to look after themselves. We had been in town some time, and uncle had taken a good many drinks with his associates, when, I saw how it would end unless I got him away. I could always tell when the turning-point was coming on him between being friendly and becoming furious. I went round to the stables of the tavern and brought the team to the bar-room door, and went inside to try and persuade him to go home. I said,

"'Come on, uncle Jim; the team is here,' when he turned on me savagely and cursing me in a most awful manner wanted to know what business I had to bring the team without his orders.

"'You sneaking milksop' he cried, 'I'll show you how to dictate to me. I'll show you who's boss. I've not finished my business here yet. I'll pay you off for your sneaking, psalm-singing, canting impudence,' and addressing the crowd of loafers hanging around the bar he said, 'Look at that milksop. I've a good mind to cut him off with a shilling. If I hadn't promised his mother to leave him his share of the farm, I'd cut him off with a shilling,' and he struck his fist on the bar counter, and went on with loud curses saying, 'I've not done my business in town yet. I'm going to Lawyer Scribe, right now, and I'll will yer the rocks for yer to scratch out a livin' on when I'm gone. Yes, I'll leave yer the rocks,—that'll be your share,—a hundred acres o' rocks; and I'll tell yer afore all these witnesses, that I leave yer my curse along wi' 'em, there."

"He ran out of the tavern and across the market place to the lawyer's office, and did not return for an hour. In the meantime the men in the bar-room swore at me for interfering with the old man, called me a fool for quarrelling with my own bread and butter, and asked me why I did not drink like other men and look after my own interests. You can't imagine how bad I felt just then. I was mad enough to fight, but I kept my temper. My mother's voice seemed to come to me in that bar-room, saying, 'So sure as you do, God's blessing will follow you.' Besides, I was engaged to be married then, and that influenced me to keep my temper. When uncle Jim came back he looked at me and shook his fist and said,

"'Now, my lad, remember you've a fine fortune now,—one hundred acres of rocks, situate, lying and being in the south-east corner of lot sixteen in the township of Batherby and the County of Shiftless, commonly known as Anderson's farm, and my curse go with it.'

"I knew it was no use saying anything to him, although he looked sober enough to a stranger. I knew that the demon Liquor controlled him, so I kept quiet until he was ready to go home. He drank a great deal more and made a dreadful fool of himself before he finally came out and tumbled into the waggon. He was quite drunk, and took his usual place, which was in the body of the waggon, where he lay on the straw and soon fell into a drunken sleep. I was glad to be rid of his abusive tongue, and drove home leisurely.

"He only went to town once after that. It was on the occasion of voting for the Dunkin Act in the township. Of course he voted against it. I had a vote too, for I was part owner of some cattle and sheep with my wife's brother, and we rented a few acres from my father-in-law. This was just before I was married. I voted in favor of the Dunkin Act, and I had a hard time of it for doing so; for besides my own vote, I influenced a dozen or two more and spoke in favor of it everywhere I went. After I had voted, of course every one knew which way, I thought my uncle would strike me he was so enraged at me. He never spoke a friendly word to me afterwards. I got married soon afterwards, and went to live in the house you were in yesterday, which had been originally built for a barn. Uncle Jim seldom or never worked on the farm now. So long as the tavern at the Four Corners was kept open—and it was only a month or two after the passage of the Dunkin Act—he was there nearly all the time. But when there was no more liquor to be got at the Corners, he had it brought to the house in quantities. I began to lose all hopes of ever getting uncle Jim to abandon drink, and so I turned my efforts towards my two brothers.

"William was the hardest case of the two. He took after his uncle in his quarrelsome temper. I got him alone one morning when he was sober and pointed out to him the condition of affairs on the farm, and showed him in the kindest way I knew how, what a comfortable, happy home he might have and what a deal of money he could put by if he would only quit the drink and attend to business. He was a capital hand at stock-raising, and I wanted him to take this part of the farm business on hand, while John and I did the sowing and reaping; but poor William had got such a settled appetite for drink, that he preferred to take his glass and take life easy as he called it. He didn't care whether the school kept or not, he said. This was a favorite expression of his.

"'I am going to give up farming, any how, when the old man dies, he said.' 'I'm not going to be stuck out here any longer. This township is ruined,—they've shut up the taverns and no more luck will come, no more bargains. Didn't I make fifty dollars clear in half an hour when I traded the mare to old Simpkins when he was tight at the Corners?'

"'Yes, Will,' I replied, 'you made fifty dollars, but who got the money after all? Didn't the tavern-keeper? Come now, be honest.'

"'It don't matter who got the money,—I made it, and no such bargains will ever be made now they've closed the taverns. I'll never live in a country where there's no taverns!' replied William.

"I don't know whether I did wrong or not, but it came out any way; I said:

"'Ah! Bill, there is a country where there are no taverns, and where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and I'm afraid if you don't stop your drinking you will find yourself there some day.'

"My brother looked at me with an angry glance, and striking the table with his fist, poured out a volley of oaths at me,—called me a gospel-struck milksop, and hoped that all such as I might die in the agonies of cold-water cramps, &c. We stood in the living room at the homestead during this conversation. William went to the cupboard and pouring himself out a tumbler full of whiskey, drank it, and then smashed the glass to pieces on the hearthstone. At this moment a bedroom door opened, and uncle Jim looked out. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes fearfully bloodshot, and the whole of his face bloated and almost scarlet with drink. He was half dressed, and appeared very much alarmed at something. His eye wandered about the room and at last fixed its gaze in a dark corner by the cupboard, and a look of horror passed over his countenance which I can never forget. William and I both glanced in the same direction to see what attracted the old man's gaze, and as we did so uncle Jim cried out,

"'Can you stand there and see that devil make faces at me?' and seizing a chair he hurled it into the corner, and then began to run and jump about, crying out, 'The dogs! the dogs! Keep off the dogs!'

"William seized his uncle and threw him down upon a sofa, and shaking him violently swore at him.

"'Now then,' he said to the old man, 'you've got another fit on, have you! I'll break your neck if you say another word. Lie down you old hound. I'll fix you!'

"Uncle Jim was quiet immediately, and William poured out half a pint of whiskey and gave it to him, which the old man swallowed in the greatest agitation.

"'He's gone now,' cried the old man, 'but oh! Bill, he's sure to come again!—sure, sure, sure; there's no escape! He's gone away,—he laughed when he went away,—he's not all gone yet, there's his horrid tail. Stamp on it! shoot it! see! see! it moves! why don't you stamp on it, you cowards!'

"William poured out more whiskey and gave it to the old man. That quieted him for the time. He was in a fearful state. He had either to keep drunk or go mad. I told William I would fetch a doctor from town, he said:

"'The doctor can do nothing for him, all he wants is his whiskey when the devils come.'

"'But,' said I, 'that can't go on, he'll get worse every day until he dies.'

"I fetched the doctor from town, but when he arrived uncle Jim was maudlin and talking incoherently as he sat in the porch. Of course when he was full of liquor all his horrors departed from him. The doctor looked at him and felt his pulse.

"'Why,' said he, 'he's drunk! Let him sleep it off.'

"'But it's when he wakes up that he sees frightful things,' I said.

"'Well then,' said the doctor, 'give him whiskey, let him taper off on it if he can. he's too old a toper to take in hand with any other medicine. I can do nothing for him. I have warned him time and again what his drinking would lead to. It's too late now for him to leave off drink. If you stop his liquor, exhaustion from *delirium tremens* will finish him. His brain is not in a fit state to give opiates,—it would bring on apoplexy; the milder sedatives would be unavailing. If you can give him nourishment, and keep him in bed, and watch him, and give him stimulants when he gets shaky, he might possibly come round, but he is so old and his system so saturated with alcohol, that, I may as well tell you at once, his case is hopeless. His constitution is shattered. If you give him whiskey it will kill, and if you deprive him of it, it will kill him sooner. It is one of those dreadful cases where all human aid is unavailing. All I can recommend is strong beef-tea, with intervals of whiskey.'

"While the doctor was speaking uncle Jim staggered in from the porch and approaching me with clenched fist accused me of plotting his death. I can hardly tell you what happened after this,—that is, I mean the horrible oaths he swore at me, cursing me and hoping I should some day starve upon the rocks. He ran to the table and seized a carving-knife, but the doctor caught him by the arms and held him down. William had not come home yet, and John was out on the farm. The doctor told me to get a rope. Uncle and he struggled fiercely as I ran to get it. We bound his arms and feet and carried him to bed, and fastened him down. All the time the old man shouted, 'Curse you! curse you! I curse the rocks!' The doctor injected something into his arm—he would not take anything into his mouth, until William came back, when he cried out for 'Drink! drink! drink!' and William who at first was disposed to shake him, and would have done so had it not been for the doctor, gave him more liquor. But the old man never ceased to rave until death put an end to his misery. I got the doctor to stay with us that night, and some neighbors came in and offered to do anything in the world to get uncle Jim back to himself again. But, as night came on, the old man began to rave at imaginary things he saw crowded in the bedroom. At one time it would be a furious bull coming in at the door, at another time he thought flames of fire swept down from the ceiling, in which he saw the monster that scared him so in the morning.

"'Fire again, and with fire! You'll burn the house over us! Take care! oh! there he goes! Water! water! Put out the fire!' shouted the old man in his delirium.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE WAGES VALUE OF STEAM POWER.

Prof. Leone Levi, in a lecture to workingmen on "Work and Wages," estimated the amount of capital required to carry on some of the industries in Great Britain. There are 20,000,000 acres of land cultivated, which at £8 is £160,000,000. The cotton trade requires £80,000,000, wool trade £30,000,000, iron trade £30,000,000, merchant marine £70,000,000, railways have £600,000,000 invested in them, and the waterworks, gasworks, docks, and other undertakings all call for similar vast sums. Construction may be considered as the fixation of work, and here we have about a thousand million pounds worth of fixed labor. Labor in use deals with figures and values that are quite as large. The annual industrial production of France is £480,000,000, and of this £200,000,000 is labor, the remainder being called material, though if the items of its cost were ascertained, current labor would be found to make up a great portion of that sum also.

But taking French manufactures as they are reported, we can obtain from them an estimate of the value of machines. The first steam engine was introduced into that country by the city of Paris in 1789, the year of revolution. At that time the cost of labor in manufactures was 60 per cent. and material 40 per cent. of the whole cost. On this basis the £280,000,000 worth of material now would require £420,000,000 of labor to work it up. The present industrial population of France is 8,400,000, though all are not fully effective, and on the old basis this would have to be increased to 17,640,000 persons. The other divisions of population, tradesmen, etc., would also increase, and the result is finally that France is not large enough to contain and raise food for the people that would be needed to carry on the modern business on the old methods. The man power of the steam machinery introduced into the industries is estimated at 31,500,000, and as it replaces £220,000,000 worth of labor, we may reckon the wages of a steam man power at £7, or $35, per year, exclusive of food (fuel) and lodging.—*Galaxy*

SANITARY KNOWLEDGE FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN—SEED IN GOOD GROUND.

A reform which offers no personal gain to its advocate must depend for its success upon education. The principles which underlie it must be inculcated in childhood. The youth of a community must be taught the necessity of it, then, as members of the body politic, in after years, they can be counted as its advocates.

The veteran who attributed his longevity to the fact that he went to bed each night, drunk, is not loud in his praises of excise or prohibitory laws; but the youth instructed in the baneful effects of intemperance to the individual as well as to the community, will readily lend his aid to whatever, in his judgment, he thinks may diminish the ill effects of the immoderate use of stimulants.

It seems to me that the advocates of sanitary reform are putting off the harvest time to an indefinite period, when they neglect the instruction of the youth in this vital matter. All over the country the physician is a man of influence in the community. He is appointed on school boards or his words have weight with school officers. In either case let his voice be raised for instruction in sanitary matters. There is a wide-spread opinion among educated, college-bred men, that a physician's office is to prolong disease rather than to cure or to shorten it. As we go down in the scale of education this opinion becomes a belief. Hence, in most cases, a physician is not summoned until the disease has such a hold that it must run its course. Consequently, the patient dies or recovers but slowly. In either case his friends are strengthened in their opinion of the physician's office. When a physician zealously advocates sanitary reform he does much towards eradicating this error, and rises proportionally high in the estimation of the community

In discussing what knowledge is of most worth, Herbert Spencer places, first, that knowledge which prepares for direct self-preservation; and second, that which prepares for indirect self-preservation. Sanitary science does this. As at present constituted, our schools do not impart this knowledge except to a very limited extent. If it be replied that physiology is on the list of studies in all schools, and that text-books on this subject are numerous, I beg the reader to reflect, first, upon the place of physiology in the list of studies.

In the schools of the City of Churches it is placed in the last year of the school course, with sixteen other studies. Not one pupil in a hundred of those who enter the primary classes ever reach this study.

How much knowledge of sanitary matters is diffused through a community in this manner? The faith of our homœopathic friends is not equal to this dilution.

Think again, upon the value of the instruction given. With such a multiplicity of studies, the teacher never goes beyond the text-book. The pupil learns that muscles are not bones, that the liver is a gland, and that the heart is a muscular organ; that the food, in some way or other, is turned into blood. Beyond this there lies a nebulous mass of learned names, barbarously pronounced and ignorantly applied, which the first contact with the world dissipates, as a summer's sun does the mist of the morning. Our allopathic friends cannot swallow this for sanitary instruction.

The text-books on this subject are mere table-books and catalogues of names, or else their familiar style is so gelatinous that the student is unconscious of swallowing anything. One author treats the subject from a chemical stand-point, another from an anatomical stand-point, while the third combines the two with an unprofitable result.

The remedy is obvious. Give sanitary science an earlier and more prominent place in the school curriculum. A child can comprehend the necessity of pure air, pure water and pure food, if he cannot locate the *metatarsus* or define the *medulla oblongata*. He can comprehend the means of obtaining these, even if he cannot get a seat in the Board of Aldermen and vote to fill sunken lots with city garbage. He can teach his children the necessity of them and die a Christian, though he may not die a Health Commissioner who permits swill-milk to poison infants, or the malarial exhalations of some politician's bog-hole to smother the life of those more advanced in years. But when the future child thoroughly comprehends these things, the Aldermen will not fill sunken lots with street cleanings, and the Health Commissioners will not dispense bob-tail milk;—for the material which supplies and creates such offices will have ceased to exist.—*Philo, in Sanitarian.*

MUSCULAR ACTION.

The characteristic of muscular action is alternate contraction and relaxation. A state of permanent contraction is unnatural and impossible, hence there is no more wearisome labor than preserving the body for a considerable time in a fixed attitude. Let any one attempt to hold the arm extended for fifteen minutes, or stand erect and motionless for half an hour, and he will find that the most severe labor would be pastime in comparison. Yet, what is more natural than for the unthinking to suppose that if a person can be upon his feet all day, engaged in active labor he ought surely to be able to stand still for an equal length of time. This principle of alternate contraction and relaxation explains the apparent anomaly In preserving any given attitude, one set of muscles is kept continuously on the strain, while in active labor they alternate with one another in sustaining the body Now one set of muscles is called into activity, and now another, and the one is relaxed, while the other is contracted Thus, while in active exercise, a muscle may be contracted in the aggregate several hours during the day, yet by this alternation of contraction and relaxation, it would be less wearied than by half an hour of continuous contraction. The practical lesson to be deduced from this principle is, that we should avoid all constrained positions, because they tend to weaken the muscles and destroy their tonicity. A seat without a back, for instance, is injurious, because it imposes a continuous strain upon the muscles to preserve the body erect, but the muscles, after a time, relaxing from sheer weariness, the body naturally falls forward or to one side, and round shoulders or curvature of the spine is not infrequently the result.—*Phrenological Journal.*

ANTIQUITY OF THE SPANISH MERINO.

The Romans were nothing but woollen goods. They had no cotton, they had a little linen, which was worn as a material of luxury, they had no silk. They cultivated the sheep with great care, and some of their richest possessions were in sheep. But there was one breed of sheep which they cultivated with great care, and by that system of selection which Darwin speaks of, as the source of perfected forms of our domestic animals. It was called Tarentine sheep, from Tarentum, a city of Greek origin, situated at the head of the Tarentine gulf. The fleece of this sheep was of exceeding fineness; it was of a great delicacy, and the prices paid for it were enormous. The sheep were clothed in cold weather to keep them warm; and the result was that they were very tender, and their wool was very fine. They were a product of Greek civilization transmitted down to the Romans. Columella, the great Roman agriculturist, says that his uncle, residing in Spain, crossed some of the fine Tarentine sheep with some rams that had been imported from Africa and the consequence was that these animals had the whiteness of fleece of the father with the fineness of fleece of the mother, and that race was perpetuated. Here we see an improvement of the stock, an increase of strength and productiveness given to the fine wool sheep of Spain. At that time the sheep of Spain were of immense value; for Strabo says that sheep from Spain, in the time of Tiberius, were carried to Rome, and sold for the price of a talent (one thousand dollars) a head. In the time of our Saviour, a thousand dollars was given in Rome for Spanish sheep. When the barbarians inundated Italy, these fine-wool sheep were all swept away; but they remained in Spain. They were cultivated by the Moors in the mountains of Spain, which were almost inaccessible, and were not reached by the hordes of Huns and other Northern barbarians which had laid waste the greater portion of the Roman possessions. They continued to be nourished there by the Moors, who were very much advanced in arts, and further on were found there as the Spanish Merino. So that the Spanish Merino which we now have, if not the only, is at all events by far the most important relic that we have to-day which has come down to us from Greek and Roman material civilization. We have here a direct inheritance from the material wealth of the Old World civilization.—*J. L. Hayes, in Live Stock Journal.*

MAN'S CREDULITY.

The *Galaxy* says:—Was there ever anything so amazing as this blue-glass craze that has taken possession of about two-thirds of those who are included in the term "everybody"? It would seem as if there were no limit to man's credulity, particularly upon those subjects which concern him most nearly, religion and the preservation of bodily health. In both he is ready to listen to any plausible person who will tell him to "do some great thing." Tell him that he must live a life morally pure and physically clean and sober, that he must not sin against his own consciousness of right, and that he must wash himself and eat simple, wholesome food, conform himself to the indications of his physical structure, and he will assent in a careless way, and immediately violate every rule of sound morals and physiology. But tell him that he must make a pilgrimage to Rome, or that he must lift six or seven hundred pounds daily, swallow pills and bitters, or live in a blue conservatory, and he will prick up his long ears, and do it if he can. What wonder that quacks all make money, and that the "patent medicine interest" should have a representative in Congress! But quacks and patent medicines usually must have the benefit of a few years of copious advertising before they effect their purpose; whereas blue glass was written into popular favor with the dash of a pen. It trebled in price in less than so many weeks. The notion that light should be filtered of every ray but the blue one to produce the best effect upon the human body and brain is certainly one of the most fantastic that has been broached since the days of the medical mountebanks. The best use to which this glass can be put is to the making of hot-beds. Let our early lettuce and peas by all means be brought forward under sashes glazed in blue. What cauliflowers we shall have, and what cabbages! At present the crop of cabbage heads, to be sure, promises to be very large through the intervention of blue glass; but much the greater number of them appear to be growing upon human shoulders.

HURRY AND "HIGH PRESSURE."—It is the pace that kills, and of all forms of "overwork," that which consists in an excessive burst of effort, straining to the strength, and worrying to the will, hurry of all kinds—for example, that so often needed to catch a train, the effort required to complete a task of headwork within a period of time too short for its accomplishment by moderate energy—is injurious. Few suffer from overwork in the aggregate, it is too much work in too little time that causes the break down in nineteen cases out of twenty, which occurs Most sufferers bring the evil on themselves by driving off the day's work until the space alloted for its performance is past, or much reduced. Method in work is the great need of the day. If some portion of each division of time was devoted to the apportioning of hours and energy, there would be less confusion, far less "hurry," and the need of working at high pressure would be greatly reduced, if not wholly obviated. A great deal has been written and said of late, to exceedingly little practical purpose on the subject of "overwork." We doubt whether what is included under this description might not generally be more appropriately defined as work done in a hurry, because the time legitimately appropriated to its accomplishment has been wasted or misapplied. Hurry to catch a train generally implies starting too late High pressure is, says the *Lancet*, either the consequence of a like error at the outset of a task, or the penalty of attempting to compensate by intense effort for inadequate opportunity. If brain is bartered for business in this fashion, the goose is killed for the sake of the golden eggs, and greed works its own discomfiture *Littell's Living Age.*

KEROSENE EXPLOSIONS. There are a few well-established principles that govern all kerosene explosions. Due regard to them will secure entire safety, so far as the explosive character of the vapor is concerned I. Use oil of well known brands. II. If doubtful of its quality, put a little in a blacking box cover and float it in water heated to what we are claimed as the "flash" point (pour cold water into boiling water till the thermometer shows the right temperature). After a few minutes the oil will be of the same temperature as the water. Then apply a lighted match to the oil. If it takes fire it is unsafe The water in which the blacking-box cover, or rather receptacle, is floating prevents any danger in this test. III. Use only lamps where the flame is near 3 inches from the oil-vessel Brass Student lamps are especially safe because the flame is so far from the oil-reservoir IV It is a mixture of air and kerosene vapor that explodes. Therefore do not let the oil get very low in the lamp. V. It is dangerous to turn the wick low down, and unhealthful too, because the combustion is imperfect and disagreeable gases are given off. VI. The cylindrical form of wick is pronounced best. *Scientific American*

THE CAUSES OF VIOLENT DEATH.—The violent deaths in Great Britain in 1874 were no less than 17,920, the highest number ever registered. There were 18 executions and 1,592 suicides, so that 16,310 may be classed as unexpected. Railways killed 1,249, horse conveyances 1,313, and it is noted that those modes of conveyance which are mostly peculiar to cities were not responsible for this great slaughter. Street, or so-called horse railroads, killed 62 persons, omnibuses 55, cabs 61, and carriages 82, and these numbers show how great is the skill and care exercised in the crowded streets of cities. The source of the remaining 1,000 deaths by horses is not given in our authority (a Scotch paper), but it is probable that exercise in the saddle had much to do with them. There were 942 deaths in coal mines, and 118 in copper, tin, iron, and other mines. Lightning killed 25, sunstroke 90, and cold 174. There were 491 persons poisoned, about one-third being suicides. The bite of a fox, of a rat, of a leech the scratch of a cat, and the sting of a hornet each killed one person, and two were stung to death by wasps.

— A German writer advises the use of sawdust in mortar as better than hair in preventing the cracking and peeling off of rough casting under the action of storms and frost. His own house, exposed prolonged storms on the sea-coast, had patches of mortar to be renewed each spring, and after trying without effect a number of substances to prevent it, he found sawdust perfectly satisfactory It was first thoroughly dried and sifted through an ordinary grain sieve to remove the larger particles. The mortar was made by mixing one part of cement, two of lime, two of sawdust, and five of sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand.

— A peculiar request (according to the *Berliner Tageblatt*) has been made by the Society for Bird Protection to the General Postmaster in Berlin, viz., to make arrangements so that birds be not killed by the pneumatic post. The case is this: From the large air-compressing steam-engines proceed chimney-pipes to the roof, by which the required air is sucked in. The power of this suction apparatus is so great that both small and large birds, even pigeons, which happen to be flying over the tubes when the engine is in action, are helplessly drawn in and destroyed.—*Nature.*

— At Dilton, England, during service in a Wesleyan chapel, one after another of the congregation closed his eyes and dropped from his seat in insensibility. By-and-by the preacher fell fainting in the pulpit Then the sexton was startled into action, and cleared the chapel. It was found that the flue of the heating apparatus was choked up, noxious gases were generated, and the atmosphere was thick with poison.

— It is usually thought that wheat is the most nutritious of all cereals, and this opinion is current in all works relating to food. Recent investigations by Prof Wanklyn and Mr Cooper, of England, seem to show the contrary They give the first place to rye, stating that it contains one third more gluten than wheat.

THE BIBLE'S SWEETEST VERSE.

At a beautiful watering place noted for its bold sea-cliffs and its smooth, wide-spreading beach, a gentleman one day commenced drawing with his stick some large letters on the sand. A group of children gathered round, when the gentleman kindly said, "Now, my little friends, I want your help. Will you bring flints and large pebbles, and put them in the little channels that I have made in the sands?" Willing hands and feet were instantly in motion; and before long the Gospel text—

"GOD IS LOVE,"

appeared in large letters on the beach. With numerous pieces of seaweed a border was formed around the text, giving it the appearance of being in a large picture-frame. By this time a goodly company, both of adults and children, had gathered together, to whom the gentleman gave a deeply interesting address, which was enlivened by the singing of various well-known hymns. The attention of both young and old was riveted, and some of the parents who were present felt grateful to God that their children had been favored to hear the Gospel so simply and earnestly preached.

Some of these children, like the one represented in the picture, afterwards formed the letters of the Bible's sweetest verse in the clean white sand, and as they did so they thought of the precious lessons which this good man who delighted to carry out the Saviour's command, "Feed my lambs," had taught them. May they never forget the lessons and impressions of that day. May they, and all our readers, be able to say from the heart—

Oh tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love!
In Christ we have redemption found:
God is love.
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day,
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.

How happy is our portion here!
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer:
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
God is love.

What though my heart and flesh should fail
God is love.
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail.
God is love.
Through Jordan's swell I need not fear,
My Saviour will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear
God is love.

In Heaven we shall sing again,
God is love.
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
God is love
While endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love

CHAPTERS FULL OF NAMES.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

The children had come to read their morning chapter with mamma. Philip, as usual, came last. Not that Philip did not love to read his Bible; he liked to get his mother all by himself and read over the chapter about Naaman the Syrian, or talk about Joseph's history; but the regular morning chapter always seemed to interrupt some plan of Philip's. He would just have his dog (who was being "broken" to drive) harnessed, or he would be making a boat when his sister would call,

"Phil, mamma's waiting to read."

On this morning I want to tell you of, Philip felt quite put out at being called, and every time his turn came to read he had to be told the verse.

"Philip," said his mother, when the reading was over, "wait a moment; I want to speak to you. My boy, you did not pay any attention."

"Well, mother, what's the use? The chapter was full of nothing but hard names. I don't see the use of reading 'Salute Rufus,' and a lot of other fellows with such dreadful names."

"Dear, even if you don't 'see the use,' you ought to read the chapter carefully and reverently, because it is God's Word. But that chapter has taught me a lesson this morning, so you see it is of use."

"Tell me, mother; I always like a chapter you've talked about."

"As you each read over those names of different men and women, I thought how a true Christian ought to try and remember his friends—remember them by name; send kind messages to them. Paul, who had the care of all the churches, did not forget Rufus and his mother, Philologus and Julia. As you read 'Greet Mary, who hath bestowed much labor on us,' I felt ashamed to think I had sent no message to poor sick Mary Reilly, who was such a faithful servant to me years ago. Just a few kindly words of love, in a letter; the mere mention of one's own name gives great pleasure sometimes, and we are all too apt to forget these little things. Don't you know, Philip, how you always want to know whether Uncle George says anything about you in his letters?"

"I declare, mother, I never thought of it! I s'pose then we ought to try to remember folks' names?"

"Yes, my son. I am quite sure that a Christian who remembers names well will find it a great source of good. I know a boy whose whole life was changed because a kind Christian gentleman remembered his name. The boy was called 'Dirty Jack' by the other boys in the village. Poor fellow! he could hardly help [illegible] dirty, for his father drank and his mother was a very shiftless, careless woman, that had never taught Jack to be neat and clean.

"Well, one Sunday somebody coaxed Jack into the Sunday-school and after the school was opened the superintendent came to the seat where Jack was and asked his name. The boy was shy and did not answer, and another boy said, 'Oh, he's Dirty Jack.'

"Jack was very angry, but the gentleman said kindly, 'I am going to give this boy his real name. I shall call him John—it's a splendid name for it was the name of the one whom Jesus loved best when He was on earth.'

"Jack didn't come to school the next Sunday; his father in a drunken fit had given him a black eye, but two weeks after the same gentleman was walking near Jack's house and saw him playing with some boys. He walked up to them and shaking hands, said,

"Why, John, my boy, how d'ye do? I wish you'd walk a little way with me.'

"Now that boy was so pleased to be remembered and to be called by a decent name that it made him wish he was more worthy of such a kind friend. He began to try and keep his face and hands clean, and then had to comb his hair to match, and then his clothes looked so bad, compared with his clean hands, that he never rested till he had earned money enough to get some decent ones; and now that John is grown up he says that he might still be Dirty Jack if it hadn't been for that kind gentleman remembering his name."

"Well, mother, I won't think the name-chapters of no use after this. I'll 'salute' you, mother, and run off."

Phil ran out to his play, but his mother often noticed after that that he was careful to send his love to Uncle George, or a kind message to an absent schoolmate, and knew the lesson had not been lost.—*Christian Union.*

THE LOTUS.

The singular beauty and usefulness of the large water-lily called the Lotus, have in all ages attracted to it an extraordinary interest; and, combined with the fables of the Egyptians, the Hindoos and the Chinese have exalted it in the East to honors almost divine.

It was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Representations of it were sculptured upon the monuments; the sun was seen rising from it, and Osiris and other deities sat upon it, or were crowned with it.

In India and Ceylon the flower is held very sacred. When princes enter the idol temple they have this flower in their hands, and when the priests sit in silent thought it is placed in a vase before them. It is related that a native, upon entering Sir William Jones' study, seeing flowers of this beautiful plant lying upon the table for examination, prostrated himself before them.

AN EXTENSIVELY USED PRAYER.

The Sanscrit name of the flower is Padma, and by that name it is usually known in Buddhist countries. The words *Om Mani Padma houm!* "Oh, Jewel (Precious One) in (on) the Lotus, Amen!" form the most frequent prayer of many millions of mankind. "These six syllables which the Lamas (Buddhist priests) repeat," says Koeppen, in his work on Lamaism, "form of all the prayers of the earth, the prayer that is most frequently repeated, written and printed. They form the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words that the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsman by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in his devotions. One meets with them everywhere, wherever Lamaism has established itself—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper and so forth. They are the essence of all religion, of all wisdom and revelation; they are the way of salvation and the entrance to holiness."

THE LOTUS GREATLY VENERATED IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Buddhists of China and Japan also greatly venerate the flower, and associate it with all the leading deities, who are represented in the images in the temples as seated upon it.

The power attributed to the Lotus is in nothing more marked than in its imagined helpfulness to the souls of the deceased. It figures in Chinese paintings of the punishment of the dead. In these pictures the deceased are represented as suffering tortures of various kinds. By their

children, however, such valuable gifts are offered as to induce Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy, to appear upon the scene, and cast the Lotus upon the miserable sufferers. This at once ends their punishment, and the evil spirits are unable to torment their victims any more! Such pictures are shown by the Buddhist priests to move the compassion, terrify the consciences, and open the purses of the friends of the dead.

THE LOTUS LARGELY CULTIVATED.

But notwithstanding the sacredness in which the Lotus is held, and the fables and superstitions which are associated with it, many of the Chinese largely cultivate it. The fragrant blossoms reach a diameter of ten inches, and find a ready sale. The seeds or beans are eaten as they are or are ground and made into cakes; the fleshy stems supply a popular nourishing vegetable; while the fibres of the leaf stalks serve for lamp-wicks.

The ancient Egyptians also largely cultivated the Lotus on the waters of the Nile, the beans, the stems and even the roots being extensively used for food. The seeds of the plant were enclosed in balls of clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile. In due season the beautiful petals appeared, shortly followed by buds, flowers and seeds; from which practice the inspired writer enforces the duty of self-denying zeal and faith: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE CROWING COCK.

A FABLE.

"How did I crow then?" said a cock to his favorite speckled hen.

"Magnificently," said the speckled hen.

"I'll get up on the gate and crow again, that all the yard may hear. You tell them to listen." And up he flew to the top of the gate, and flapped his wings, and stretched his neck, and crowed with all his might; then holding his head on one side, he looked down with one eye at the hens, who were huddled together before the gate.

"Fine!" said the speckled hen. "Fine!" said the white hen and the brown hen, and all the hens, and as many chickens as had not their mouths full of barley.

"Do you hear that brown thing yonder?" said he, as he strutted up and down the yard, looking contemptuously at a thrush in a wicker cage, who was trilling one of his richest songs. "What do you think of the noise it makes?"

All the hens clucked with contempt.

"Friend!" said the cock to him, "you mean well, but you haven't a note of music—you should listen to me;" and then he crowed with all his might again. The hens all stood on one leg, with their eyes closed and their heads on one side, in mute admiration.

At this moment, Shock, the house-dog, came out of his kennel and shook himself, as if disturbed out of a sound, comfortable sleep.

"Did you hear n crow?" said the elated cock.

"Hear you! I should like to know who didn't?" said Shock; "there's no peace for you, morning, noon, nor night; for the only time when you're quiet, I'm obliged to turn out to keep you from the fox."

The cock shook his gills, and looked very much astonished; and the hens whispered into one another's ears. "Ask my hens," said the cock, indignantly.

"Your hens, indeed!" said Shock. "Why, they know nothing but what you tell them; and if they don't do as you like, you drive them from the barley. You're all very well to call up the maids in the morning, and to sing out when thieves come near the roost; but if you were not the most consummate coxcomb, you would never attempt to decry a thrush."

"I have awoke him out of his sleep," said the cock, in an explanatory voice, to his hens; and he led the way to the fold, where he flapped his wings and crowed again, but not with the same vivacity; and, although they were afraid of talking of it aloud, the hens noticed one to another that he never crowed much from that day in the presence of Shock.—*Child's Companion.*

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

Isa. 40: 8.

The Family Circle.

HIS LITTLE CHILD

I am a little child,
And Jesus cares for me
For even me He wants,
His little child to be

Jesus would take me up,
And keep me on His knee,
And fold me in His arms,
His little child to be.

Then I will go to Him,
And I will let Him see
How glad I am to come,
His little child to be

And I will stay with Him,
For Jesus wishes me,
Though I grow big and old,
His little child to be

—Sunday Magazine.

R. H. SMITH.

HOW MRS PEARSON MANAGED

"Pray tell me how you manage to get meat every day, Mrs. Pearson," said a young married woman to her neighbor. "If I call before dinner, I always smell a stew or soup cooking. My husband says I don't give him anything worth eating, and frizzle his money away in chops and steaks. Do the best I can, he's never satisfied, and I declare I'm getting downright unhappy." Thus speaking, Mrs. White seated herself on the nearest chair and began to cry.

"Don't take on so, there's something wrong, Mary. You haven't been married six months, and begin to find it hard to please your husband, and me and my Richard have been mated nigh on forty years, and are as happy as the day's long. God knows we've had our trials, for we've buried all our little ones, and have to jog on through life alone. Alone, did I say?—that's not right, for we've a Father, and an Elder Brother. One who cares for his children, and One who died to save. But here I am, prating about myself when you've come to be comforted. Let me see if I can help you. I loved your mother, and I'd be glad to help her daughter, and bring sunshine into her home, if I could. What's the matter?

"Nothing more than usual now. Tom and I don't hit off married life well, he expects too much of me, and grumbles at his dinners almost every day. If I give him good meat, he says I spend too fast, if I give him no meat, he's angry. Sixteen shillings a week isn't much to keep house on, and everything to find!"

"It's enough and to spare, Mary, well managed. Can you remember what you've had for dinner every day this week."

"Oh yes, it's easy to do that. Sunday we'd a good big steak, Monday some rashers out of the prime of a side of bacon. Tuesday, mutton chops. Wednesday, sausages. Thursday and Friday, bread-and-cheese, and to-day potatoes. I don't run into debt. Tom can't accuse me of that."

"Do you ever buy fresh vegetables?"

"Not often; I'm obliged to consider the pennies, for dinners are only one meal in the day, there's breakfast and tea, and supper besides. Tom doesn't say much about them, it's the dinners he grumbles at. I only wish I could do better, for I'm miserable. I get tired of living with a man who's never satisfied and yet I love him, and he loves me."

"My dear, do you ever ask God to help you to do better?"

"No; I couldn't pray about cooking."

"Yes you could. One reason why you and your husband don't hit off a pleasant state of things is because you grumble back at him, instead of seeking strength from your Father, who, in Christ, listens to any request you make, even if it has to do with household matters. Begin to pray to-day, and in the strength of God try to reform."

"But how can I? I never knew a bit about cooking when I married."

"It's not too late to learn. I'm ready to help you. Will you buy your meat to-day as I advise? and if you'll trust me for one week, I think I can put you in a way of giving your husband a good dinner every day with fresh vegetables sometimes, and yet not run into debt."

Mary brightened up. "Will you really, Mrs. Pearson? and may I tell Tom what you're going to do?" she said.

"Yes, and ask him to let me go to the butcher's with you. But I must make one bargain, which is, that both of you will be moderate, and not eat Monday's meat on Sunday."

"All right, I agree, and I'm sure Tom will."

Towards evening the friends went out marketing, and Mary, advised by Mrs Pearson, purchased six pounds of breast of mutton for, the weather was cold, and there was no fear of the meat not keeping.

"You buy to better advantage if you get a large piece, but mind, I'm allowing you and Tom two pounds more than we have in the week," said Mrs. Pearson. "You can't learn economy in a day, it'll be the work of time. This meat has to serve for seven dinners, with vegetables and a few extras."

"Seven!" echoed Mary, "and all that bone; why, the steak we had on Sunday looked nearly as much meat as this."

"I mean seven," Mrs. Pearson answered, smiling, "you will see how useful these bones can be made. Now we'll buy half a gallon of potatoes and a nice cabbage. I'll cut the meat up for you, and then tell you how to cook the first piece."

Mrs Pearson divided the mutton into three parts. "The largest you can bake to-morrow, with a few potatoes," she remarked, "boil the cabbage as well. Remember, if you leave off hungry, you must only eat half this meat. Take care of the bones, and on Monday morning, first thing, put them into a saucepan with a pint of fresh water, and set them on the fire to simmer."

Mary took great pains, and acquitted herself so well, she earned praises from her husband, and they had some merriment over the equal division of the meat. Tom was so happy he took up a good habit he had dropped for some weeks, and accompanied his wife to church, instead of smoking his pipe and leaving her to go alone. They heard a stirring sermon from the text, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," and Mary was moved to open her heart to her husband as they walked home. She asked him to bear with her, for she wanted to please him. Tom's conscience pricked, and he answered, "Lassie, I've done too much fault-finding, but I'll try and be kinder, for the parson's words have got hold of me."

"After all, they're God's words," replied Mary. "You see, Tom, we're growing wide apart, because I'm a bad manager; but I'll improve, for God has sent me a friend. You must thank Him and Mrs. Pearson too."

When Tom went to work next morning he declared he should long for one o'clock to come to see how Mary managed, "For I don't know how you're going to spin that bit of meat out for dinner," he said.

Monday's allowance was served thus. The stock was ready for use by the time Mary wanted it, she turned it into the stewpan, and added six peeled potatoes, four good-sized onions sliced up, a pennyworth of carrots, and the meat left on the previous day cut off the bones, with a little pepper and salt. She set the stewpan on the fire, stirred the contents well together, and left all to cook thoroughly while she fetched a saucepan half full of spring water, into which she put the fresh bones ready for simmering so soon as the fire was unoccupied.

"There's such a smell of good things, you must have bewitched the cold meat, Mary," cried Tom, who came in as the clock struck one. "Be quick; I've to be back in half an hour."

The meat was soon served, and husband and wife were astonished to find how well satisfied they were, in fact, enough was left to warm up for supper, with the addition of a little rice.

Tuesday found Mrs. Pearson and Mary busily engaged in making a meat pudding. "This has to last two days," said the former, "and you must be careful over your stock, and not use too much for gravy. Saturday has to be provided for. Put the fresh bones into the same saucepan, you may add another pint of water, and take out the old bones."

The dinner that day gave great satisfaction to Tom. So good was the pudding that he called for more at supper-time. Mary was firm in refusing. "You're not to eat to-day what is to do for to-morrow," she said. "I've something nice for you:" and she placed a steaming bowl on the table, with a thick slice of bread.

"That's capital!" exclaimed Tom, when he had tasted the contents of the bowl; "you're getting a regular cook. Whatever am I eating?"

"Sort of onion soup. I got some onions, sliced them up, and put them, with about a penn'orth of milk and some water, into a saucepan. I boiled all together."

"It's fit stuff for the Queen!" said Tom.

The pudding was warmed up on Wednesday, and a cabbage, with a few potatoes, were cooked. On Thursday the remainder of the meat was boiled, and the liquor carefully put aside to add to the stock. A few turnips, with the dumplings, eked out that day's meal. Mrs Pearson had to make the dumplings, and she considered she managed to do so at the cost of little more than one penny.

Mary wondered no longer how she would provide dinners for the week out of the six pounds of mutton when she saw how much good stock she had in her saucepan. She divided it into two portions for the remaining days.

"Buy half a pint of oatmeal this morning," said Mrs. Pearson, on Friday, "it will make a good broth if you stir it into your stock; and you may add some more water. By way of a change, I should soak plenty of bread in it, and don't forget the pepper and salt. I shall also allow you to make a baked rice pudding for a treat."

"Say, rather, you'll show me how to make one," cried Mary, "the last time I tried, the pudding was so hard, Tom declared he could hardly get his teeth in."

"I suppose you allowed no room for the rice to swell. Just do as I tell you. Put that small tea-cupful into your dish, and fill it up with milk, you may add a little sugar. Half a pint of milk will make a nice pudding."

"Surely, a good pudding won't come out of that drop of rice, Mrs. Pearson. I packed mine quite tight!"

"And spoilt it. You must trust me, you'll find I'm right." And so she proved to be.

Saturday found Mary with a happy face, preparing her dinner alone. She warmed the stock, and put into it a few cuttings of bacon, some potatoes, and fried onions.

This made a substantial stew, and was a great improvement on the basin of potatoes she had set before her husband for so many Saturdays.

When Tom brought his wages home his wife showed him money in hand, even though his club and the rent were paid.

"Are you satisfied with my management this week?" she asked, "I've tried to do better."

The husband made no answer, but he drew his much-loved Mary nearer to him, and gave her such a hearty kiss, she needed no other assurance.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Mrs. Pearson proved herself such to this young couple. They both profited by her wise teaching. Tom learnt to be more patient, and Mary to practise economy, so that when her children came she was able to provide for them, because she knew how to lay out sixteen shillings to the best advantage. They learnt, too, from the Friend of friends; the gospel of Jesus Christ became their gospel. As it took firm hold of their hearts, it changed the whole aspect of their home life. One day Tom suggested it would be better to have no cooking on Sunday, so that he and his wife might go twice a day instead of once to God's house.

Mary assented gladly; the suggestion showed her how much her husband must be impressed, for he had hitherto stoutly maintained that a working man should have a hot dinner on Sunday if he went without another all the days of the week. But then Tom had only studied to please himself; now he sought to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.—*Cottager and Artisan.*

AN ORPHAN GIRL IN ITALY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK "OBSERVER."

Giovanni Santucci, an earnest evangelical schoolmaster in an Italian city, tells the following story of what a girl can do under apparently adverse circumstances. He says:—

On the 4th of September, 1870, there stepped into our Sunday-school a girl dressed in black, who asked some of the scholars if she could be accepted as a pupil. I of course received her with pleasure, and the following conversation took place:

"What is your name?"

"Penelope Villi."

"What is your father's name?"

"Peter Villi; but I do not know him, for he died before I was born."

"And your mother?"

"Her name is Theresa, but she died two months ago."

"What is your age?"

"I am nine years old, and I live with my aunt at———."

"Why poor child, who advised you to come here to school three miles from home, when you have a school only one mile from you?"

"It is now three years, sir, since I began to attend that school, and cannot read in the First Reader yet."

"Perhaps you have a bad memory?"

"Oh, no! The teacher says that it is not necessary for women to know how to read and write, so that they know their *orazioni* (prayers)."

Penelope attended our school for almost five years with great perseverance and success. Neither storms nor wind, rain nor snow, kept her away from the school which is elementary or public, as well as religious, and a Sunday-school.

In April, 1875, Penelope told me, with tears in her eyes, that she had had trouble with her aunt, and was going to leave. She had found a place as servant in a somewhat aristocratic house. I gave her a Bible; read to her the 16th verse of the 10th chapter of Matthew, told her that she was to be sent forth as a sheep amid wolves, not be lose courage, but to keep and use the Bible as her sword of defence and to spread its truths to everybody and at all times.

Thirteen months passed and not a word was heard of poor Penelope, she was fighting the good fight, but did not want to tell me of her troubles.

But last June I received a letter from Madame Emilia Ferrantini, Penelope's mistress requesting me to go and see her, to talk about religion. I promised to go, but could not on account of sickness. When she found out I could not go, she came herself with Penelope, and told me the following interesting story:

"When Penelope came to me I thought she was some ignorant and incapable country girl but I was surprised at her intelligence about the house-work, and after a few days became very fond of her. The Paroco (the head priest of the town,) frequented our house often, and appeared pleased with the girl; but after a time he complained to us that Penelope did not come to church. He told her to go to mass, but she never would. Finally, we said to her that unless she went to church we would send her away from the house. Then Penelope answered. Dear, lady, I am sorry, and surprised at the same time, that you, a lady so learned and professing to be liberal, should still believe those impostures of the priests! I will not make a slave of my conscience, for your sake. I have a faith very different from yours and you will never succeed in taking me away from the arms of my Saviour Jesus Christ, to put me at the feet of a dirty priest. In the meantime, dear lady, I will get ready and depart from your house!" "Believe me," continued the lady, "those words wounded my heart. I, my husband, and my two elder sons stood like statues; then my husband said: This girl is anything but ignorant: we must do all we can to induce her to stay: let the priest go to perdition rather than let her go away.' Thinking that Penelope was crying in her room I went to the door but I heard her speak, and saw through the keyhole that she was reading. What was my surprise on hearing such words as these; 'Jesus Christ has said, They have persecuted me, and they will persecute you also;' 'Thy will be done;' 'God is the strength of my life; of whom should I be afraid?' 'God, I confide in Thee, make me not to be afraid.' These and other words compelled me to retire to my room, that she might not hear me weep, and that I might not disturb her. In a few minutes my husband came in considerably moved, and said to me: 'Penelope is a good Christian girl, and has been reading the Bible, and I do not want her to go away upon any account.' I being of the same opinion, said to myself: 'The priest shall never put his foot into my house any more.' So we went to Penelope's room, and found her tranquilly reading. I called her in a voice full of emotion, and told her what I had decided upon. 'My lady, said she, do not cry;' and she began to tell me about the Book and its words."

The evangelist adds: "Penelope has become as one of the family of Ferrantini, she has charge of the house and of things generally. The whole family is composed of fourteen persons, and before every meal both proprietors and servants join together in prayer. They have established a nice hall for purposes of evangelization, and on their table is always to be seen a large Bible, printed in Rome. During the winter they spend their time in the evenings in reading religious books; the house seems more like a church than anything else. Twice we have all there partaken of the Lord's Supper. Sunday with them is Sunday for all. The servants no longer work on that day except for what is absolutely required. That family is truly blessed and Penelope Villi and her influence upon the household remind me constantly of the parable of the grain of mustard seed, 'the least among all seeds.'"

LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

BY R. CLAY TRUMBULL.

It was just before the close of the last century that, in a pleasant New England home, a few miles east of New Haven, Conn., a little daughter, born to the Christian parents there, was found to be totally deaf,—deaf, and hence mute; deaf and dumb. This was a sore trial to the parents, a greater trial than can now be easily conceived; for there was then no such thing in this country as educating the deaf and dumb. A person thus afflicted was in a measure dead to social life, dead to possibilities of progress. In the eyes of the civil law, and in the estimation of the community, a deaf-mute was but little above an idiot. The birth of a deaf-mute child was indeed a bitter trial to loving parents.

After a few years, a second daughter was born into that home, and she also proved to be deaf and dumb. This sorrow was heavier than the first to the stricken parents. It seemed to the

poor mother as if she could not bear up under this added burden. It was hard enough to have one unfortunate deaf-mute child. To have two such children was a crushing sorrow. There was no light in that cloud. Why should a loving God afflict her so sorely? Wait and see!

The growing loveliness of these daughters, as the years passed by, only gave to the mother added pangs of regret that children with so many charms should be utterly cut off from the enjoyments and advantages of social life. The younger daughter developed into a girl of unusual beauty, of remarkable brightness of mind, and of rare loveliness of character. What a pity that such a soul as looked out of her full dark eyes was imprisoned hopelessly! So it seemed to all.

It was when she was about nineteen years old that the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, first of Philadelphia and then of Hartford returned from Europe to make a beginning of the work of educating deaf-mutes in the beautiful language of signs, which he had been to France to acquire. The parents of these mute daughters hearing of this movement were prompt in bringing their children under its influence. The two girls became members of the first class taught by Mr Gallaudet in the American Asylum at Hartford. This was the beginning of a new life to them, as it was to the entire world of American mutes. Light began to show in the cloud.

The younger of the two daughters made rapid progress under the new system of education. She showed capabilities of no common order Her graces of person and mind, and her delightful spirit, made her a centre of attraction among her school companions. In all the earlier exhibitions of the surprising attainments of the pupils of the Asylum she was a prominent figure. Distinguished visitors from all parts of the country, including the President of the United States, became interested in her. Even across the ocean the story of her high proficiency became known, and such philanthropists as Zachary Macauly and Thomas Chalmers and Hannah More were gratified that she so well illustrated the possibilities under wise training of a class hitherto so helplessly restricted.

There was comfort in all this to the parents who had been so cast down, and when Mr. Gallaudet came to them to ask the hand of their younger daughter in marriage, and they realized how much wider a sphere of usefulness their daughter was called to fill, *because* of her being deaf and dumb, than would have been likely to open before her had she been possessed of all her senses,—light seemed at once to break through the cloud which had been so dark above their home.

As the wife of Mr. Gallaudet, and as his coworker in all the varied plans of beneficence to which he gave his busy life, this superior woman filled a wide and continually expanding sphere, and furnished indisputable evidence of the capabilities of one of the class she represented to fill with ease and dignity, and with the highest success, the place of a matron in the household and a mother in the family. For thirty years while her husband lived, the home over which she presided was one of rare enjoyment and of delightful Christian culture. Eight children were reared in it to manhood and womanhood. It was a place of frequent resort by men distinguished in well nigh every department of science and letters and civil and social life, both from this country and abroad. Under all circumstances and in all company Mrs. Gallaudet bore herself with rare sweetness and ease and dignity.

Her husband died; but her work was not yet done. One of her sons, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York city, took up his father's work, and in one direction has carried it forward to yet a higher attainment, by providing separate church privileges for the deaf and dumb of the great cities, after their graduation from the many institutions of deaf-mute learning which have grown up, all over the country, out of the Hartford beginning. Another of her sons, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, of Washington, ventured upon the plan of securing a full collegiate education for deaf-mutes who had already taken the course provided by the ordinary institutions; and his success has been such that already the graduates of his college are filling positions of influence in the professions of the Christian ministry and of the law. In the work of both these sons the mother took an intelligent and an enthusiastic interest, and in the case of each she rendered no small service by her counsel and co-work.

Just forty years after she had entered the American Asylum at Hartford, and ten years after her husband's death, Madame Gallaudet undertook a new and important work as the household head of the institution at Washington, of which her youngest son was then laying the permanent foundations. For ten years she filled that place with her wonted grace and dignity and power. And even after that she had a work to do. Retaining her vigor of mind and body to a remarkable degree, with her advancing years she became, in a sense, the representative matron of the deaf-mute fraternity throughout the country. Teachers and pupils looked up to her with veneration and confidence. They sought her counsel. They were stimulated by her example, and cheered by her sympathy. She was a queenly mother among them.

But the time came that she too must die. Leaving her daughter's home in Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, she went again to her son's in Washington. There, after a pleasant Saturday evening in her usual health and cheerfulness, she sat with a gathering of friends until her hour came for retiring, and then going to her room she made ready for the Sabbath, and kneeling by the bedside for her accustomed devotions; and, as she lifted her hands to God in prayer, in the eloquent language of signs, she was smitten with apoplexy as by the lightning's stroke, and she fell forwards in unconsciousness against the bed. Taken up and laid on the bed by loving hands, she breathed more and more faintly until the Sabbath morning dawned, when she entered into that Father's home where the ears of the deaf are unstopped and the tongue of the dumb sings.

On Tuesday, May 16, 1877, just sixty years from the time of her admission into the Asylum as a scholar, her remains were laid to rest by the side of her husband at Hartford. In the Old Centre Church where she first confessed her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, loving and appreciative words were spoken of her life and character, and then a procession of a hundred and more children of silence passed quietly by her coffin, to look once more upon her venerable face; and as they did so, each one laid a little bunch of flowers on the coffin, until it was fairly covered with these testimonials of grateful affection.

And now as we look back over the record of this varied and useful life, does it seem so very hard that God permitted that event over which the Guilford mother wept in agony fourscore years ago, when through it has come such abundant blessing to so many for now and forevermore? "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, but the wind passeth and cleanseth them."—*S. S. Times.*

JOHN DEAN'S TWO LETTERS.

BY L. S.

Click, click, went Mrs. Dean's needles, and as the bright yarn under her skilful fingers rapidly took to itself form and fashion, faster still were her thoughts weaving golden tissues for the future. Over by the table sat John, his pen keeping time with her needles. These two were not mere idlers in the world's great field of labor, but strong and in earnest for work Just now John was anxious to get a situation in one of the city firms. Two had been offered, one by Brown & Bidwell, proprietors of the most fashionable and showy establishment in the city, who could apparently afford to offer a large salary to one so efficient as John Dean; the other was from Lyell & Bros., who, dealing more in the substantials of life, offered a smaller salary, and, prudently, gave everyone a thorough trial before trusting him far.

John, with worldly wisdom, chose the most attractive place and highest salary, and was writing two letters—one of acceptance, the other of refusal—to the respective firms. Mrs. Dean, looking up from her knitting, exclaimed:

"Make haste, John—it is nearly four, and you know the mail closes then."

"Just ready," answered John, as he finished the last word and hurried the notes into their envelopes.

Walking down the village street he thought complacently of his good fortune and bright prospects, then the last Sunday's sermon, with its text, "All things work together for good to them that love God," sounded pleasantly in his ear. To be sure, a faint shadow of portly clerks with red faces, suggesting convivial suppers and wine parties, crossed his vision; but then, what an excellent example would he set: perhaps influencing them for good. Truly we need to pray, "Lead us not into temptation"'

A few days later Mrs. Dean and the tea-table waited while John anxiously examined the evening mail. Two letters—Brown & Bidwell expressing "sincere regrets at his refusal!" What could it mean? Lyell & Bros., asking his services immediately! Ah! he had made a sad mistake; in his haste "hands crossed," putting his letters into the wrong envelopes. An irreparable loss, it seemed, for the desired place was already secured by another; and the shadow on John's face told how his heart had been set on the large salary.

Five years went by Mrs Dean waited one evening for her husband—around her a pleasant home. The books, pictures, and everything told of prosperity. John with increased salary, was steadily winning favor.

"Strange news for you," was John's exclamation as he came in "Brown & Bidwell have failed. Everything is gone!"

And when, later in the evening, Mrs. Dean said, "It was all for the best about those letters," once again came back the text, "All things work together for good to those that love God." *N Y Witness*

KINGSLEY'S VIEWS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on Charles Kingsley, says:

During the summer of 1870 he withdrew from a connection he had formed with the extreme agitators in favor of so-called "Woman's Rights." But the extent of that connection was much exaggerated by popular report nothing that he ever wrote, or publicly taught, is consonant with the idea of his holding their views on this subject; much is very positively opposed to it. In one of his latest essays, "Thrift," he has most distinctly said—

"I beg you to put out of your minds, at the outset, any fancy that I wish for a social revolution in the position of women whatever defects there may have been in the past education of British women, it has been most certainly a splendid moral success: it has made British women the best wives, mothers, daughters, aunts, sisters, that the world, as far as I can discover, has yet seen."

Whatever crotchets he may once have entertained, at this time he certainly limited himself to upholding the necessity for a great improvement in the education of women. He held that, as at present conducted, the education of women so often results in gross ignorance of all that a woman as the possible future mother of a family and head of a household, ought to know, and leads "to an oriental waste of money, and waste of time; to a fondness for mere finery; to the mistaken fancy that it is the mark of a lady to sit idle, and let servants do everything for her." He advocates, in the plainest manner, the instruction of women in all the homely details of domestic management; cooking, housework, dressmaking, and trusts he may reassure those who fear that by an improved education women will be withdrawn from their existing sphere of interest and activity, though it is not, he says, "surprising that they should entertain such a fear, after the extravagant opinions and schemes which have been lately broached in various quarters." Nothing can be more utterly opposed to those extravagant opinions and schemes than teachings such as his. One opinion, however, Kingsley did hold very strongly, and, during his later years at least, seldom lost an opportunity of advocating it. That as women had the entire management and control of children, they ought, even more than men to be scientifically instructed in the laws of health, and that to give this instruction there ought to be fully qualified female instructors That of these, some might, amongst their own sex, practice as physicians, would be almost a natural sequence, and as such he doubtless accepted it; but we do not remember that he ever distinctly advocated it.

FERTILITY OF PALESTINE.

"The Jordan valley can be made far more fertile than it ever was." Indeed, it may be made one vast garden, not merely by rebuilding the great aqueducts, the remains of which still exist, and by means of which the great cities were watered, but by means of the Jordan river itself. The Jordan, out of Tiberias, falls ten feet to the mile, or six hundred feet in sixty miles. . . . The water of the Jordan might be brought out of Tiberias in aqueducts falling one foot to the mile, and thus be brought over the great plain of Basan and of Jericho, and be made to irrigate all the land which the streams have not touched.

We have been thus detailed in our evidence, so as not to leave any room for doubting that in the language of Captain Warren, "the dear old Promised Land is even yet a Land of Promise, and that the only requisites to ensure its becoming again a land flowing with milk and honey are a good government, an industrious people, and the blessing of God." What the political importance of Palestine would be, if possessed by an independent and civilized nation under a well-organized government, a glance at the map, and the consideration of the relations in Asia between England, Russia, Turkey, and Persia, must convince the reader. In fact, the virtual possession of Palestine, or paramount influence over its government, would almost decide the empire of Asia. That Russia at least has, with her usual far-sighted sagacity, understood the political importance of Palestine, appears from the fact, to which Captain Warren calls attention, that even now, before the country is in a condition to serve political purposes, Russia "has already built two large fortresses, in the heart of Turkish territory—one overlooking Jerusalem (on the site elected by Titus for his camp when he besieged the city), garrisoned by some hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of so-called pilgrims, who at Easter time almost occupy Palestine, and who are numerous enough to take the Holy City, were it not that at this time Turkey causes a pilgrimage of Moslems there in order to counterbalance the Russians."

Even now ordinary arable land yields in some districts no less than a hundredfold return, even as in the days of Isaac (Gen. xxvi 12), while irrigated land will bear four crops a year, and again that of the almost incredible productiveness of fruit trees of every kind. Of course, if the land were *properly* cultivated,—in other words, if it were possessed by its own people, under a stable and civilized government,—such is the excellency of its soil and the variety of its climate, from the shady heights of Lebanon to the tropical heat of the Jordan valley, that almost every product of every zone and country might be reared in it to perfection.—*Dr. Endersheim.*

"ALL FOR JESUS."

From a recent number of *China's Millions* we give the following interesting case, reported by Mr. Williamson of Chin-Kiang.—

"Among the candidates for baptism there was a man who gained his livelihood by fortune-telling. He had previously been examined for baptism, and had made a good profession of faith in Christ; there was little doubt of his sincerity, but he was a fortune-teller, and as such could not be received into a Christian Church. He was exhorted to seek some other mode of supporting himself, and did so, but without success.

"Again the period for the examination of candidates came round, and more eager than before, he presented himself among seven others Most reluctantly he was again refused, and urged to have faith in God, and follow Jesus at all cost. The poor man went away sorrowing. It was not felt wise to hold out any promise of help to him, but much prayer was offered to God that He would help him; and he did so, but without success.

"Again the period for the examination of candidates came round, and more eager than before, he presented himself among seven others Most reluctantly he was again refused, and urged to have faith in God, and follow Jesus at all cost. The poor man went away sorrowing. It was not felt wise to hold out any promise of help to him, but much prayer was offered to God that He would help him; and he did so by giving the needed strength and grace.

"The morning for the baptism arrived, and the native church, with a congregation of unbelievers, was gathered together to witness the baptism of the three who had been accepted. The service was about to commence, when in came the fortune-teller, carrying a bundle wrapped in a piece of carpet. A bright and happy countenance told its own story, and said more emphatically than words could utter, 'All for Jesus.' He opened his parcel, and displayed the books, tablets, and other articles used in his profession. they were his worldly all, but he proceeded to destroy them; and taking them to the court-yard adjoining the chapel, set them on fire, to the delight of the Christians and to the astonishment of the heathen.

"The circling smoke continued to ascend in the sight of all during the service, and, ere the smouldering fire had consumed the last vestige of them, he and others were baptized in the name of that Saviour who had laid down His life for them."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

XIV.

1. Another name by ancient men
   To land of Edom given.
2. The first four letters of a fruit
   To Nazarites forbidden

3. What man, for taking a stronghold,
   Obtained his cousin's hand?
4. The place where Lydia purple sold,
   The richest in the land.

5. A Grecian game to which St. Paul
   Compares the Christian's path.
6. A tree of which the Jews burnt much
   On their domestic hearth.

7. A very profitable use, for Scripture,
   Paul did name.
8. The first three letters of a man
   To whom death never came.

9. Name the third mount to whose high top
   King Balak, Balaam led.
10. Give for a parable a name
    In Bible pages read.

11. Reverse the name where gold was found—
    A celebrated place;
12. And give the mighty ancestor
    Of Edom's hardy race.

When you the *firsts* and *finals* find,
A sentence you may frame,
A promise made by Christ on earth
Which we in heaven may claim.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.

PROV. S: 13.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON VI.

AUGUST 5.)

PAUL SENT TO MACEDONIA. [About 51 52 A. D.]

READ Acts xvi. 1-15. RECITE vs. 9-14.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xvi. 1-15. *T.*—2 Tim. i. 1-14. *W.*—1 Cor. ix. 16-27. *Th.*—Rom. x. 12-21. *F.*—1 Cor. iii. 4-15. *Sa.*—Gen. xvii. 1-14. *S.*—Acts ii. 37-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I came to Troas to preach Christ's gospel, and a door was opened unto me of the Lord.—2 Cor. ii. 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord directs his ministers.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul and Barnabas, after their return from the council at Jerusalem, taught and preached at Antioch (in Syria); had a contention about Mark, separated; Barnabas and Mark went to Cyprus; Paul with Silas began his second missionary journey, through Asia Minor and Macedonia.

NOTES.—*Tim'-o-the-us*, (honoring God), same as Timothy, living at *Lystra*, in Lycaonia, his mother was Eunice, his grandmother Lois. He was early taught the Jewish Scriptures, became a disciple about 45 A. D.; chosen as [illegible] of Paul's helpers, preached at Berea, Corinth, and [illegible] places, was called to Rome by Paul about 67 A. D. Two Epistles of Paul are addressed to Timothy. *Phryg'-i-a*, a central portion of Asia Minor. It was not a regular Roman province in apostolic times, and hence its boundaries were not clearly defined. *Ga-la'-ti-a*, a central province of Asia Minor, the capital city was Ancyra, the people were originally from Gaul, restless, warlike, but generous and zealous, several churches were planted in Galatia. *A'-si-a* not the continent but a small Roman province of Asia Minor lying along the Ægean Sea, and included Lydia and Caria. Ephesus was its capital. It was the seat of the "seven churches." Rev. i. 4-11. *My'-si-a*, the north-west province of Asia Minor, bordering on the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, some include Mysia in "Asia." *Bi-thyn'-i-a*, a province of Asia Minor bordering on the Euxine or Black Sea. *Tro'-as*, a city of Mysia, about four miles from the ancient "Troy" of the Greeks and Romans. Troas is now in ruins, but its old walls can be traced for a circuit of several miles. *Mac-e-do'-ni-a*, a country of Europe north of Achaia (Greece), and west of Thrace. Its chief cities were Neapolis, Philippi, Amphipolis, Apollonia, Berea, and Thessalonica. *Phil-lip'-pi*, *Ne-ap'-o-lis (new city)*, cities of Macedonia, the former founded by Philip, father of Alexander. *Sam-o-thra'-ci-a*, an island in the north-eastern part of the Ægean Sea, and off the coast of Thrace. *Thy-a-ti'-ra*, a city on the borders of the province of Mysia and Ionia, in Asia Minor, on the road from Pergamos to Sardis. It was founded by Nicator. The people worshipped Apollo and a Chaldean sibyl called Sambatha. Rev. ii. 20, 21. *Lyd'-i-a*, a woman of wealth; born at Thyatira; a seller of purple; resided at Philippi, became a disciple through the preaching of Paul.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) TIMOTHY CHOSEN. (II.) ENCOURAGING THE CHURCHES. (III.) THE MACEDONIAN CALL.

I. TIMOTHY CHOSEN. (1.) DERBE . . . LYSTRA, THERE, at Lystra. TIMOTHEUS, or Timothy, see Notes. CERTAIN WOMAN, Eunice. 2 Tim. i. 5. HIS FATHER . . . GREEK. It is not added "believed" hence probably a heathen. (2.) WELL REPORTED. Timothy had doubtless been active as a Christian. ICONIUM. (3.) CIRCUMCISED HIM, his mother was a Jew, and Timothy was to preach in synagogues to unconverted Jews which uncircumcised persons would not be allowed to do. THOSE QUARTERS, or "places."

I. QUESTIONS.—Where did Paul and Barnabas preach on their return from Jerusalem? What difficulty arose between them? What cities of Lycaonia did Paul visit? v. 1. What disciple was there? State his mother's name. Who was his father? How was Timothy regarded by Christians? At what places? What did Paul wish him to do? Why did he circumcise Timothy? (See Explanation.)

II. ENCOURAGING THE CHURCHES. (4.) DECREES, decisions, declared opinions; ORDAINED, decided, appointed. (5.) ESTABLISHED, settled, strengthened, DAILY, literally "by day"—that is, day by day. (6.) PHRYGIA GALATIA, see Notes. ASIA . . . BITHYNIA . . . THEM, see Notes. ASSAYED, attempted, tried. SUFFERED, permitted them not.

II. QUESTIONS.—Through what places did Paul and his co-laborer journey? v. 4. What did they deliver to the churches? What were the "decrees"? How were the churches benefited? Where were the apostles forbidden to preach? Describe Asia. Into what other province were they not allowed to go? How were they prevented? Describe Bithynia. What town did they enter?

III. THE MACEDONIAN CALL. (9.) VISION, Acts ix. 10, 12; MAN OF MACEDONIA, known by his dress; PRAYED HIM, asked him. (10.) ASSUREDLY GATHERING, inferring (from the vision). (11.) LOOSING, setting sail. (For course from Troas to Samothracia and Neapolis.) (12.) PHILIPPI, see Notes. COLONY, Roman colony, having privileges similar to Rome. (13.) RIVER SIDE, a branch of the River Strymon. (14.) LYDIA, see Notes; SELLER OF PURPLE, purple dyes or cloths. A purple dye was procured from a shellfish.

III. QUESTIONS.—To whom did a vision appear at Troas? When? Who appeared in the vision? How would Paul know he was of Macedonia? What did he ask? Why call for help? What did Paul infer from the vision? Describe Paul's journey to Macedonia. How made? Name the cities visited. Describe the chief city. Where at Philippi did Paul preach on the Sabbath? To whom? Who heard him? Name her native city. Her occupation. Her kindness to Paul.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That young persons may be faithful disciples?

(2.) That the Holy Spirit guides those preaching the gospel?

(3.) That entertaining Christian brethren is to be sought as a blessed privilege?

LESSON VII.

AUGUST 12.)

PAUL AND SILAS IN PRISON. [About 52 A. D.]

READ Acts xvi. 22-34. RECITE vs. 28-31.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xvi. 22-34. *T.*—Acts v. 17-28. *W.*—1 Peter iv. 12-19. *Th.*—Acts xii. 1-11. *F.*—Ps. xxxiv. 7-22. *Sa.*—John iii. 14-21. *S.*—1 Pet. i. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.—Ps. xl. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord delivers his servants.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul healed a demoniac woman at Philippi, her "masters" caused Paul and Silas to be arrested, scourged, and imprisoned, an earthquake caused them to be released from prison.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Study this lesson with the prayerful enquiry, "What must I do to be saved?"

NOTES.—*Mag'-is-trates* the two Roman praetors (*duumviri*) governing the city. *Prit'-on* and *in'-ner prit'-on*. A Roman prison had three parts—an outer one with light and air, the second, shut off with iron gates bolts, and bars; the third, a dungeon, underground, dark and damp. Perhaps this was the "inner prison." Jer. xxxviii. 6. *Stocks*, wooden frames with holes into which the feet, and sometimes the head and hands, of the prisoner were fixed. (See picture.)

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE IMPRISONMENT. (II.) THE RELEASE. (III.) THE JAILER'S CONVERSION.

I. THE IMPRISONMENT. (22.) MULTITUDE, crowd, mob. MAGISTRATES, see Notes. THEIR CLOTHES, they tore the clothes (outer garments) from Paul and Silas. BEAT THEM, beat with rods, scourged. (23.) MANY STRIPES, the Jewish law limited the number of blows to forty save one (Deut. xxv. 3), but the Roman law did not. SAFELY, surely to prevent escape. (24.) INNER PRISON . . . STOCKS, see Notes. (25.) PRAYED AND SANG, praying sang praises, or in their prayers were singing praises (*Alford*); not two distinct acts, but the single act of praying by singing or chanting (*Alexander*). IS AND, or "were listening."

I. QUESTIONS.—What miracle had Paul performed? Upon whom? Why? With what effect upon her masters? What charge did her masters make? Against whom? To whom? State the command of the magistrates. How was it carried out? What charge was given the jailer? Why? How fulfilled? How did Paul and Silas spend the first part of the night? Who heard them?

II. THE RELEASE. (26.) BANDS, fetters, chains. (27.) AWAKING . . . SEEING, doubtless aroused by the earthquake he looked through the prison. ESCAPED, the prisoners were not seen in the dark. FLED, he would be liable to death by law if the prisoners had escaped.

II. QUESTIONS.—What happened to the prison as Paul and Silas sang at midnight? Describe what followed the earthquake. What effect had this on the keeper? Why kill himself? How was he prevented?

III. THE JAILER'S CONVERSION. (29.) SPRANG IN. In Greek seems to imply springing down into a subterranean cell.—(*Stock.*) (30.) BROUGHT THEM OUT, or "leading them out" of the "inner prison," SAVED, from sin. (31.) BELIEVE, Acts ii. 38. (33.) SAME HOUR, or that very hour, see v. 25. WASHED THEIR STRIPES, "he washed their stripes, was washed from sin, he fed them and was fed.—(*Chrysostom.*) (34.) INTO HIS HOUSE, "leading them up into his house," probably above the prison.—(*Alexander.*)

III. QUESTIONS.—On hearing Paul, for what did the jailer call? Describe the four things he next did. Repeat his anxious enquiry. From what would he be saved? Give the reply. State the next work of the apostles. The act of kindness by the jailer. How did he and his family confess Christ? By what further acts did he show his faith?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That loss of unjust gains makes wicked men angry, lawless and cruel?

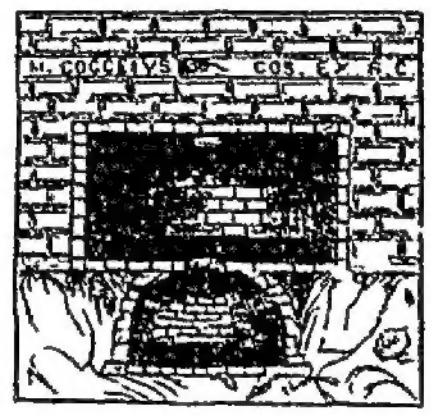
IN THE STOCKS.

(2.) That an awakened conscience makes the sinner tremble?

(3.) That sinners must believe in Jesus to be saved?

The first picture shows the Eastern manner of making prisoners' feet fast in the stocks.

The second picture is that of a Roman prison, the upper being the second prison room, and the lower the "dungeon."



SECTION OF A ROMAN PRISON.

LESSON VIII.

AUGUST 19.)

THESSALONIANS AND BEREANS. [About 52 A.D.]

READ Acts xvii. 1-14. RECITE vs. 11-13.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xvii. 1-14. *T.*—1 Thess. ii. 1-16. *W.*—Luke xxiv. 44-53. *Th.*—Luke xxiii. 1-11. *F.*—John v. 36-47. *Sa.*—Rom. i. 16-25. *S.*—Ps. cxix. 97-112.

GOLDEN TEXT.—These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.—Acts xvii. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Scriptures are to be searched.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul claimed his rights as a Roman citizen; the magistrates were alarmed because of their unlawful treatment of him, and besought him to leave Philippi. He left with Silas, passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia and came to Thessalonica.

NOTES.—*Am-phip'-o-lis* (around the city), a city of Macedonia, 33 miles east of Philippi and about 3 miles from the Ægean Sea or "Archipelago." The river Strymon flowed on both sides of the city, hence its name. Now a Turkish village of about 100 houses. *Ap-ol-lo'-ni-a*, a Macedonian city, 30 miles south-west of Amphipolis, and 37 from *Thes-sa-lo-ni'-ca*, the capital city of Macedonia, on a bay of the Archipelago; now called *Salonica*; half of its present population are said to be Jews. *Ja'-son* perhaps a relative of Paul. Rom. xvi. 21. *Decrees of Cæ'-sar*, Claudius Cæsar, under the emperors, to the laws of the XII. tables were added the Julian laws, those were probably the "decrees." *Bere'-a*, a city 50 miles south-west of Thessalonica, and on the Olympian range of mountains; now has 15,000 to 20,000 population, and is called *Verria* or *Pherea*.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PREACHING IN THESSALONICA. (II.) ASSAULT OF THE JEWS. (III.) BEREANS AND THESSALONIANS COMPARED.

I. PREACHING IN THESSALONICA. (1.) PASSED THROUGH, on the *Via Egnatia*, or great Roman road from Epirus into Thrace, 500 miles long; AMPHIPOLIS . . . APOLLONIA . . . THESSALONICA, see Note; A SYNAGOGUE, or "the synagogue"—that is, a famous one. (2.) REASONED . . . THE SCRIPTURES, argued with Jews from the Old Testament. (3.) OPENING, explaining; ALLEGING, stating, declaring; SUFFERED . . . RISEN . . . IS CHRIST, these three points Paul declared must be true, in fulfilment of Scripture. (4.) CONSORTED or "cast in their lot" with Paul; DEVOUT GREEKS, Greek proselytes to the Jewish religion, CHIEF WOMEN, women are often mentioned as converts to Christ. Acts xvi. 13.

I. QUESTIONS.—Why did Paul leave Philippi? chap. xvi. 39. At whose house in Philippi did the Christians meet? Through what cities did Paul and Silas pass? Describe them. What did they find at Thessalonica? How many Sabbaths did Paul speak in it? On what topic? State the three things he proved. With what result among the Greeks? Who else believed?

II. ASSAULT OF THE JEWS. (5.) LEWD FELLOWS, wicked idlers," like our word "loafers;" A COMPANY, or mob, "riot. Jason, perhaps a Greek name for Joshua. (6.) RULERS, Roman prefects, or "politarchs," this title and the names of seven such rulers have been found on a ruined arch at Thessalonica. (7.) DECREES, see Notes. ANOTHER KING, an old charge, see Matt. xxvii. 11; Luke xxiii. 2, etc. (9.) SECURITY, either "bail-bonds," or more probably a pledge that they would cause no more trouble.

II. QUESTIONS.—What class of Jews were moved against Paul? What helpers did they seek? Whose house assault? Why Jason's? Whom did they seek there? Whom arrest in place of Paul? Upon what charge? When was this charge before made? What did they take from Jason and his friends?

III. BEREANS AND THESSALONIANS COMPARED. (11.) MORE NOBLE, or "better in disposition," more candid; IN THAT THEY, literally, "whosoever received;" they were not "more noble" because they received the word, but being more noble (candid), therefore received it, SEARCHED, divided and sifted, to know the truth. (13.) STIRRED UP, see v. 5; AT . . . TO SEA, or "to journey as upon the sea"—that is, it was not pretence, but a real journey by sea; ABODE, or "remained" for a time.

III. QUESTIONS.—How did the apostles leave Thessalonica? At what time? For what place? What to do at Berea? How are the Bereans and Thessalonians compared? In what respect did the former act more nobly? What good example did they give for us? State the Central Truth. The result of the preaching in Berea. Who made trouble at Berea? How? How was it avoided?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That good persons may be slandered?

(2.) That candid minds will honestly search for the truth?

(3.) That such searching the Scriptures may lead us to repentance and faith in Christ?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Bible Study.*—Said a missionary, "The Tahitians are exceedingly anxious to understand what they read. Hence they have their Bible classes each morning except Saturday. These they attend soon after sunrise, before they go to the various avocations of the day. None think it beneath their dignity to attend these Bible classes."

Nobleness.—"It is not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition, that make men great."—(*Ovid.*) "A Christian is the highest style of man."—(*Young.*) "There are truly noble souls who [illegible] to the things of God."—(*Bengel.*)

EPPS'S COCOA.—*Grateful and Comforting.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled thus:—James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle street, and 170, Piccadilly, London, England.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE ARE PLEASED WITH THE NEW DRESS OF the Montreal DAILY WITNESS. Although differing in politics, we highly appreciate its motives generally, and hope that it will long continue to progress, as the champion of the oppressed Indians and the Ultramontane encroachments of the would-be dominant Romish Hierarchy. We hope the future of the WITNESS will be one of continued prosperity.—[Shelburne, Ont., Free Press.]

THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS HAS APpeared in a new form, printed on a double sheet, it has been a long established, well-appreciated, and largely circulated daily. The tone of its articles is of the highest order, displaying a truly liberal spirit. As far as we can judge, its politics are of the independent school; the only one calculated by which to disseminate the sentiments of an intelligent and progressive age. The WITNESS is now printed by their new press, which is second to none in Canada; at their new building. We wish the proprietors increased circulation, not only of the WITNESS, but of all their publications, considering the expenditure they must have incurred to put their establishments in their present condition.—[Paisley Advocate.]

THE FACT THAT A REFORM IN FASHIONABLE Dress is not only advisable, but even necessary, is becoming more universally allowed, and to satisfy the great public requirement the publishers have offered the book DRESS AND HEALTH, feeling assured that if consideration be given to the facts and authoritative opinions therein expressed, the book cannot fail of achieving its object in the amelioration of the due connection subsisting by lack of instruction in the relation of dress to health. Its price places it within the reach of all, being sold for 30 cents. Address orders to JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, Montreal.

AUGUST IS A WARM MONTH AND A PLEASANT one for young folks to run around. Perhaps some will think that it is too warm to do anything for the MESSENGER, but that can hardly be so, because boys and girls talk in summer as well as winter. It would be pretty hot when they couldn't talk, and when they do talk certainly the conversation will sometimes turn on what they read and the paper they read it in. This is the time to talk of the MESSENGER and get your friends to take it. Just try and see what success you will have.

OUR MONTREAL CONTEMPORARY, THE DAILY WITNESS, comes to hand in a new eight-page shape. The edition looks very neat, although subject to some drawbacks incident to a great increase in size and to the first starting of their new cylinder press in a new office. Seventeen thousand copies per hour can, it is said, be printed by this press. Their new printing office, though not quite finished, is now occupied by the staff, and altogether the WITNESS people are in train to increase their rapidly-increasing business to magnificent proportions. They have our heartiest wishes of success. Few journals are more carefully edited, better adapted for family reading, or have been more out-spoken and decided advocates of the great cause of Christianity.—[Winnipeg Standard, Manitoba.]

WE HAVE TO CONGRATULATE THE PROPRIEtors of the Montreal WITNESS on the rapid advancement they have been making for the last few years; their circulation has increased week after week, until last week it had reached—for the daily, 77,012; tri-weekly, 7,425; weekly, 23,000;—amounting to [illegible] considerably over 110,000 copies per week, besides the MESSENGERS, a semi-monthly, of which 50,000 copies are issued every fortnight, equal to 100,000 per month. On Saturday, June 16th, the DAILY WITNESS, considerably enlarged, and containing eight pages, instead of four, as formerly, was published in their new buildings, from a new eight-cylinder Hoe press, said to be the most magnificent that has yet been set up in Canada, and on which they can print from sixteen to seventeen thousand copies per hour. With such advantages for giving the latest news at the earliest moment, and under the management of the present proprietors, their circulation will, no doubt, increase very rapidly.—[Picton New Nation.]

MUCH ILLNESS AND PAIN is caused by ignorance or disregard of the laws of health considered in regard to dress. The little book entitled "Dress and Health" gives much valuable information on this subject and should be read by every lady. The price is 30c., and may be obtained from the Publishers, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

THE MICROSCOPE.—ONE OF THE MOST INTEResting experiments, and one which is easily performed, is to watch the change in the blood of a delicate or very pale person while using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. The colorless or dead corpuscles are steadily removed from the system, and are replaced by the red or vitalized particles so necessary to vigorous existence.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE MESSENGER are when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON Publishers, Montreal.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of Jeh. Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.